



VOL. XXVI.

AUGUSTA, MAINE, THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1858.

NO. 44.



Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man
HUNGARIAN MILLET AND BARN GRASS,
WHICH IS BEST?

We suppose that some of our readers in Maine have cultivated that species of millet called the Hungarian grass, small parcels of the seed of which were sent to many, by our members of Congress, from the Patent Office.

We should like to hear the result. We have had doubts whether we have not a native grass among us, called by farmers barn grass, which is equally as good as the Hungarian millet.

In saying this, we do not wish to disparage the Hungarian millet, but we wish to hint to many, that if our barn grass, which belongs to the same family of plants, were cultivated as well as the millet is, it would yield nearly or quite as good a product either as a hay crop or grain crop. It is true that we look upon it as a sort of pest in our cultivated grounds. The seeds when once in the ground will lie there for years, preserving their germinating powers, and will, when the ground is newly plowed, start up and claim a share of its nutritive material with the other crops.

In a dry season, and on good soil, it will produce more than most of the grasses that we cultivate. Horses and cattle like it when the seed is in the milk. Horses and poultry like the seeds. There is as much nutritious matter in the seeds in proportion to its size or weight as in some of the cultivated grains. We do not wish to be understood by these remarks to say that it is equal to the Hungarian millet, for we do not know from any experience or observation of our own in regard to the comparative merits of cultivated. But we call the attention of those who have cultivated the millet, to the other, and to institute some comparisons, if not too late, and let us know the results.

We believe that both are annuals, and start from seed each spring.

RUST ON GRAIN.—WHAT IS IT?
It has been supposed by scientific men, who have had powerful microscopes by which they could examine, that the rust on grain was a fungus, or minute plant that vegetated on the stalk of the grain plant and sucked out all the sap for its own nourishment.

At a discussion held at the Illinois State Fair, the subject of rust on grain was started, and elicited remarks from several of the grain growers present.

The various theories brought forward, prove that the minds of farmers are not yet settled as to the true cause. It is not possible that they can be, until more extended observations shall have been made, and more careful experiments instituted.

The theory of a fungus constituting what we call the rust, has been combated by some on the ground, that, although there is, verily, a fungus there, as shown by the microscope, it is an effect rather than a cause; that the sap vessels of the wheat or other grain plant become distended by too much sap, occasioned by too much food in the soil, which is drawn up too bountifully in consequence of the stimulating warm damp weather, which always precedes the appearance of rust. That the sap vessels burst, the sap exudes on to the straw, and the seeds of the fungus then attach themselves and flourish, giving the red appearance.

McCord, of Marion county said, I have paid a good deal of attention to this subject having had my attention called to it by a naturalist when I was a boy; have examined it on both wheat and oats in its different stages with a glass. On the first examination it seems to be covered with living animalcules, but subsequent examination with a seventy-five magnifying glass discloses a putrid excrement covered with minute insects. When it is moist, these insects seem alive; when it is dry, you cannot distinguish the insects. If you wet the straw, no insects are discernible, but after a dew or rain, they are visible, but only with this powerful glass.

Others attribute the rust to acidity in the soil. Lindley, of Chicago—has experimented and observed relative to this rust fifteen years; thinks it is caused by too much acidity in the soil. He commenced "book farming" fifteen years ago. Prepared his land for potatoes by sowing on ashes, lime and salt before plowing—a light top dressing; planted the potatoes and covered them with two furrows; old farmers sneered at him, but their potatoes rusted and his did not. Experimented otherwise, and believes that the application of alkalis will prevent rust. There is no rust. Believes fall plowing best for oats; spring plowing leaves the ground too mellow. Packed the soil with a roller; it is better for all grains.

McCord—A gentleman in Washington county said to me, "I expect I am the only man in the county that knows how to raise oats. Rust is occasioned by too much acid in the soil. I neutralize it—let my land lie still a year, out the weeds and burn them. I plow in the fall and sow upon the snow in March; raised forty-five bushels per acre this year."

In this State, if you want to have rusty grain, sow the seed late on land highly manured with animal manure and you will be sure when dog days set in, and the weather becomes moist and sultry, or "muggy," as it is familiarly called, to have rust to your heart's content. On the contrary, if you sow early on land of good heart, and tillth, well dressed with mineral manures, such as lime, plaster—phosphate of lime (bone dust), you will be little, if any, troubled with rust. Now the question occurs, if rust is a fungus, growing from seed attaching itself to the stalk of the grain, why do we not see it on the grain that is growing on soil containing little or no animal manure?

Perhaps it will be said that the seed does attach itself there, but as the stalk is not very succulent, it proves too barren for it, and it will not grow. In regard to the theory of its being caused by acidity in the soil, there is some show of truth, but an objection is raised, as follows:—

Rust is generally universal throughout a whole district, and it generally comes on suddenly, sometimes all the fields in a whole district will be struck with rust in a single night. Is it probable that all the fields in the district are over-saturated with acidity?

These contradictory statements and views prove the unsettled state of the question, and the necessity of more careful, exact and minute investigations in regard to the subject. It is one of no small importance, as it involves the supply of breadstuffs, and consequently the welfare, comfort, and even lives of the people.

THE HOT AIR ENGINE.
Our readers will doubtless recollect that a few years ago quite a stir was made in the mechanical world by Mr. Ericsson, who invented what was called Ericsson's Caloric Engine. A steamboat was built for the purpose of being propelled by one of his engines, the motive power of which was to be common air expanded by heat. A great deal of time and money were expended, and the boat made several trial trips. For some reason or other, either because the engine did not work well, or because the heated air was not powerful enough, the experiment with the boat failed. The air engine was taken out and a steam engine put into its place. The public set the caloric engine down as a failure, and but little has been heard of it since.

A new fact in the laws of nature, and a new application of that fact may not be appreciated at first, but it never dies and sooner or later becomes valuable and indispensable on account of the uses to which it is put. This we were persuaded would be the case with Ericsson's discovery, and although he might be looked upon as a visionary, yet the facts which his experiments demonstrated, we always believed would live, and find their place in the industrial operations of the people.

It was, therefore, with no little pleasure and interest that we read the following account of Ericsson's Caloric Engine in the last week's number of the Homestead. We have no doubt that this information will make a call for many of these machines to be put into operation for different purposes in various sections of the country.

"Most of your readers will remember that the steamship Ericsson was built as a caloric ship, and actually made several trips with heated air as only motive power. But the engines were incomplete and failed to produce the necessary power, and were finally abandoned after great expense had been incurred, and were replaced by steam."

But it is not generally known that caloric engines on a small scale are now in successful operation, and are gradually winning their way to the public confidence. When a new motive power is brought into use, it is only by long and arduous trial that its most efficient and economical mode of use can be discovered, as in case of the steam engine, which has reached its present completeness only by numberless successive improvements. Unfortunately for themselves, the proprietors of the caloric engine forgot this, and launched out too largely for their actual knowledge. Profiting by their experience, they are now making small engines and testing their qualities by actual use. There is nothing like this to test a theory, and if continued long enough, the results must be certain as to success or failure. The first small engines were imperfect, and had to be withdrawn and replaced by improvements suggested by their failure.

Having some leisure hours in New York, I determined to see some of the engines actually at work, and to get the testimony of the men who took care of them.

I first visited the printing rooms of C. C. Sholey, No. 68 Barclay Street. The engine stands among the presses on the third floor, and occupies a space about five feet long by two and a half wide, and three feet high. It had been up only a week or two—but gave "entire satisfaction"—a little boy about twelve years old took the entire care of it—consumption of coal about two pecks per day. It was estimated about three horse power. I then called upon T. W. Strong, printer, No. 98 Nassau Street. His engine has been running about three months—estimated five horse power—occupies about the same space—now drives three large presses, and will soon run four or five—large consumption about 100 lbs. of coal per day (a workman said he had run it with sixty pounds of coal.) Likes it very much indeed. Thinks the available power much less than steam, as you can never compress the heated air as you can steam. Hence one must have an Ericsson engine large enough to do all the extra work without driving.

I next visited a small one horse power engine in the sub-bell of Messrs. Duncan & Sherman's Banking Office. The porter, an Irishman, "has had charge of for six or eight months—it has not got out of order. It is used for pumping water into a tank in the upper story, which holds about twelve hogheads. This takes about three hours per day—consumption of coal a hodful in three days."

At the Metropolitan Bank I found another engine of the same size under charge of the porter. His testimony was to the same effect: "It was no trouble—pumped the tank of a thousand gallons full in about forty minutes—used about a hodful of coal in three days—it could not blow up—had never managed an engine before."

At the American Exchange Bank I had testimony to the same effect from one of the principals. I then called upon Mr. John B. Kitching at the agency, No. 538 Broadway, and found him quite sanguine as to the success of the caloric engine. A small engine has been at work for some time grinding coffee, etc., in the Third Avenue, and a large one at Providence. He regarded the point as settled, that the engines can be run with great economy of fuel, and constant efficiency and entire safety, as they cannot blow up. If neglected by a careless person, the only damage which could result, would be that the engine would stop when the fire went down.

The weak points of the engine as far as a suc-

cessory inspection goes, would seem to be in an inability to run the engine beyond its ordinary rate of speed, or in other words to drive it beyond a certain point, and in the liability of the fire cylinder to burn out. Neither of those which I saw had burned out, and time will test this question.

Mr. Kitching informed me that two of his engines would be in operation at the Crystal Palace during the fair of the American Institute. They are well worth the attention of any readers of The Homestead who may be there. I made some inquiries as to its application for farm purposes. Mr. Kitching would only recommend the largest size for general farm use—such as threshing, grinding feed, cutting stalks, pumping, etc. The price of this is \$750; twenty-four inch cylinder. This does not frighten the grocers and printers; but looks large at first sight to a Connecticut farmer."

THE SHOW AND FAIR IN PISCATAQUIS COUNTY.

Reported for the Maine Farmer.
The Piscataquis Central Agricultural and Horticultural Society held its annual Show and Fair at Dover Village, on Wednesday, Oct. 6th, and continued it on Thursday, for the plowing match, trial of horses, and reports of committees. The weather was favorable, and the activity and bustle in and around the beautiful villages of Dover and Foxcroft was proof that our people have never so many holidays in the calendar, and that nothing can so stir the blood of old and young as a Cattle Show and Fair.

We counted, from the entry book of the Secretary, ninety entries of cattle, thirty-four entries of horses and colts, seven of sheep, several of swine and poultry, twenty-one lots of butter and cheese, seventy of household manufactures, besides show-cases of millinery goods, etc., manufactures in leather, specimens of the photographic art, horticultural products, fruit, bread, pies, cake, honey, etc., etc. The slip-shod custom of receiving entries for half the day was allowed to hold good, but the Secretary, by his methodical promptness, soon had the books in readiness for the committees.

The number of oxen on the ground was less than we have seen on some former occasions—especially of the larger class. Very few were entered for trial in class over 7 ft. in girth. The trial of oxen—the crowning interest in the Show—was protracted, and the contest very spirited. The drag load, which was of about the same weight as the one used at the State Fair, was generally moved readily and fairly; and in several instances, large additions were made to it. N. B. Fish, of Dover, hatched on his grade Durham bulls, four and five years old, and they walked over the grounds with as a plaything. The cattle here showed better training than at the State Fair. We saw this in no spirit of boasting over the gentlemen of the good in other counties; but the cattle here do stand up to the "scratch" with a courage and coolness that does the amateur good to see.

No thorough bred animals were on exhibition. The sheep were of grade Scotch and French Merinos, Cotswold and some fine ewes, for the climate of Piscataquis. The swine were not of the Suffolk, Chester, or Chinese breeds—neither the Essex, Berkshire, Hampshire nor Leicester. Merrick Hall was well filled with articles and people, and the duties of the several in-door committees were no trifles. The show of apples was fair, pears less, and plums had passed away. No cultivated cranberries, no grapes. Large squashes, small pumpkins, mammoth potatoes—in multiplicity of color, or shape, and name—giant rhubarb, respectable cabbages, fair carrots, beets, parsnips and onions, were displayed in long line. Butter and cheese, good. So said the anxious buyers.

Thursday morning the plowing match came off, on the grounds of J. S. Holmes, in Foxcroft. The ground was of such character as our farms generally present—neither cleared of stones beneath the surface—a fair chance to do the work as we do it at home. The plows used were made here, by Chandler, Brown and Co. No new light was shed on the important subject by this trial. The work was fair, and the trial fairly conducted. Racing was no part of the play.

Mr. Almon Leach, of Portland, arrived at this time, and greatly interested the assembly by the practical exhibition of a Broadcast Seed Sower. Lastly, a few fast men started a few fast nags for a trotting match, on the marked mile in Guilford street. The interest elicited at this point, proves the race course to have become one of the institutions of the country. A Cattle Show and Fair is becoming meagre and dull, without the display of the beautiful, powerful *The aged and sedate vie with moral teachers in securing the best positions to overlook the field of the institutions of the country.*

No one sins by taking part in, or giving countenance to, such an exhibition in so staid and moral a place as Piscataquis—of course not! The Show as a whole, was, perhaps, well; but to a stranger to the business, products and resources of the County, it failed to do us justice in nearly every particular. The substantial and highly finished plows, cultivators, fodder cutters, farmers' boilers, stoves, and general manufactures in wrought and cast iron, carriages and sleighs in variety, machine-made woolen fabrics, finished slates, pig iron, joiner's work by machinery, cabinet work, etc., were almost or entirely absent from the exhibition.

What we want, is, five hundred staunch, reliable members added to the society, determined to make it a fixed and abiding institution. Then we could increase the prize list, and also increase and enlarge its field of usefulness. We want an enclosed field, such as one as the wisdom and foresight of many societies in this

and neighboring States, have secured. We might, by an energetic course, as well distribute ten or fifteen hundred dollars in premiums, as one hundred and fifty dollars, and no one be made the poorer; but instead, all be growing rich in that desirable knowledge pertaining to our varied pursuits.

Light! knowledge! is the cry that comes up from all parts of Maine, and from the whole land. Our farmers and artisans seize with avidity on all Reports from the State and nation. We are great readers of agricultural and scientific papers of the day. We claim to be a reading, thinking, delving people. We want light—more light! What are the best implements for the working of our farms—and within our means to purchase? How are we to preserve the fertility of our lands? Or how restore those already exhausted? These and kindred questions must be solved sooner or later, everywhere.

Allow me to say now,—for it can never be said than in this connection,—that we farmers ask for, and expect, too much from the agricultural papers and the reports, while we do too little to furnish the basis from which they all derive their existence. Without agricultural societies and associated effort, but little of the resultant progress in the last fifty years would have been realized. Without their active continuance these ways and means for the dissemination of accruing experimental knowledge, must dwindle away to final obscurity.

We may look to the Board of Agriculture and its Secretary; and that little, energetic circle, without power but that of language, may look to the Legislature; and that body may look away into the blank nothingness of an abstraction,—and all in vain for the prosperity of the State, while we fall in our first duty to sustain steadily and faithfully our local societies. A boy will learn more in three days at a State or County Fair, than he can glean in all the year at home, from all the agricultural publications in the land. Brother farmers, let us be wise, prudent, consistent and content with our goodly heritage, and the blessing will be ours. C. C.

TOP DRESSING.
Farmers may now apply top dressings to mowing lands in low places where it is not convenient to put the plough very often. It is now conceded by most of our best farmers that on many acres of their mowing grounds a top dressing will yield more profit than ploughing and planting.

This work may be done before harvesting corn, since corn is backward this year and is more safe in the fields than in the corn bins. Corn cobs have much moisture in them and should not be hurried into barns. The husks, it is true, are of more value for cattle when they can be stored in the fore part of October—but farmers should look to the main thing—the corn.

October is the best time to put a top dressing on to mowing lands. The loss of fear from evaporation should not be entertained at this time in the year whatever may be thought of loss by evaporation at other times.

Now is the season to scrape up all the refuse matter in the yards and by-places. Let no offensive matter remain where it is not wanted, for there is a ready market in the fields for every thing that looks or smells offensively about the dwelling houses.

This wonderful provision of the Creator that "nothing should be lost," ought to arouse us to the conclusion that it is our duty to obey and observe the laws that are not subject to human legislation.

The filthiest matter which often brings disease and death on the human race when permitted to lie in heaps and unmix with mother earth, is most potent when properly applied to almost any soil. The slightest contact of the most noxious substances with fresh soil, neutralizes at once the most offensive odor that is found around dwellings and pig pens.

Other matter also may be applied to advantage as a top dressing for grass lands. Look at the thousands of acres in the valley of the Connecticut river which are never manured except by the trifling amount of sediment which remains after the floods subside. A small amount of matter spread over the surface of grass land, tends to keep the sod more loose and free for the grass roots.

It is a good rule to mix soils of different qualities together—thus, more gravelly loam from the high land makes a good dressing on cold peat meadow—while almost any meadow mud is useful on high and dry land. The cost of such applications may be greater than the advantage; but we think that when the material to be removed is not distant, the farmer can seldom fail to realize a profit in the transaction.

[Mass. Ploughman.]

APPLES. Several of the firms in the city who have had transactions in the apple trade have done considerable business in that line, especially during the last few days. They send most of the apples south and west. Large quantities have thus been shipped, all in good order, and at a fair profit. Dealers pay \$1.50 for common and poorer sorts of fall apples, and from \$1.75 to \$2.50 per barrel for the better kind—the best winter apples, and some of the more desirable fall kinds readily bringing the latter price. In most of the transactions the dealers, have paid the farmers \$1.75 to \$1.87. The fruit looks very well this season; and there is a good yield in this part of the State. In sections further east, throughout New England, the apple crop is generally good—in some places, abundant. In New York and all the States west and south the crop of apples is very meagre—beyond New York next to nothing at all. By the looks of the long tiers of barrels, all headed up for shipping which are daily sent off by the dealers, one would think—and correctly—that the apple business of Hartford was an extensive one.

[Hartford Times.]

INVERTED POT. A correspondent of the Wisconsin Farmer says that in 1852, his father set two bar pots, out of swamp white oak, the stick being split into halves, and one set inverted, the other not. The latter was decayed twenty years afterwards—the inverted one, when last visited it, forty years after setting, was as sound as ever.

AUTUMN.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

I saw old Autumn in the misty morn,
Stand shadowless like Silence, listening
To silence, for no lonely bird would sing
Into his hollow ear from woods forlorn,
Nor lowly hedge nor solitary thorn;—
Shaking his languid looks all dewy bright
With tangled gossamer that fell by night,
Pearling his coronet of golden corn.

Where are the songs of Summer?—With the sun,
Ousting the dusky eyelids of the South,
Till shade and silence wake up as one,
And Morning sings with a warm odorous mouth.
Where are the merry birds?—Away, away
On panting wings through the inclement skies,
Lost ovals should prey
Undaunted at noon day,
And tear with horny beaks their lustrious eyes.

Where are the blooms of Summer?—In the West,
Blushing their last to the last sunny hours,
When the mild eve by sudden Night is prest,
Like tearful Prospero, snatched from her flowers
To a most gloomy breast.

Where is the pride of Summer—the green prime—
The many, many leaves all twinkling?—Three
On the mossed elm; three on the naked lime
Trimming—and one upon the old oak tree!

Where is the Dryad's immortality?
Gone into mournful creep and dark year,
Or wearing the long gloomy winter through
In the smooth holly's green eternity.

The squirrel glazes on his accomplished hoard,
The ants have brimmed their garner with ripe grain,
And honey-bees have stored
The sweets of Summer in their luscious cells;
The swallows all have winged across the main;
But here the Autumn melancholy dwells,

And sighs his tearful spells,
Amongst the sunless shadows of the plain.
Alone, alone,

Upon a mossy stone,
She sits and reckons up the dead and gone
With the last leaves for a love's rosin.

Willst all the withered world looks drearily,
Like a dim picture of the drowned past,
In the hushed mind's mysterious far away,
Doubtful what ghostly thing will steal the last
Into that distance, gray upon the grey.

O go and sit with her, and be cheered
Under the languid downfall of her hair;
She wears a coronet of flowers faded,
Upon her forehead and a face of care.

There is enough of madness to invite,
To make her bolder—and enough of gloom;
There is enough of madness to invite,
If only for the roses that died—whose doom
Is Beauty?—she that with the living bloom
Of conscious cheeks most beautifies the light!

There is enough of sorrowing, and quite
Enough of bitter tears the earth doth bear—
Enough of chilly droppings for her brow;
Enough of fear and shadowy despair,
To frame her closely pinned for the soul.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.—AGAIN.
In reply to many inquiries, as to spring or fall transplanting, we have the same answer as heretofore to make, viz: That in heavy clay soils, inclined to be wet through the winter, spring transplanting is the best. If otherwise—that is, a light loamy or somewhat sandy soil, and in a dry situation, autumn is the best.

In transplanting trees, and large ones especially, in the autumn, let it be done as early as possible after the leaves have turned yellow or have fallen. By so doing the roots will take hold of the soil before the cold weather sets in, which will greatly aid to their ability to stand the trials of winter.

Evergreens should not be moved in the fall. From the middle of March to the middle of April is undoubtedly the best time for them. When removed at that time there is more certainty in their growing than any deciduous tree of which we have any knowledge.

Upon the manner of transplanting all trees, however, more depends than upon any other consideration. Unless large holes are made—good soil provided—the roots spread naturally out—the tree set no deeper than it stood in the nursery—properly watered and staked—there can be no certain expectation of the growing, and particularly of the thriving of the tree.

[German Town Telegraph.]

HOW TO MANURE TREES.

Very few persons manure trees growing in sod or grass land, in a judicious or economical manner. The general practice is to dig the manure in, within a diameter of six feet, having the body for the centre. The tree takes its food from the young roots, whose mouths extend just as far on every side, as the branches of the tree; hence, this manure applied close to the body of the tree, is not where the roots take it up; and, of course, but little of its value is absorbed by the tree. If you doubt it, just try the experiment on two trees. Serve the one as above named, and the other as follows, viz: Mark a circle around the tree, having for its outline the exact radius formed by the overhanging branches; dig on the inner side of this circle a trench two feet wide, and one foot deep; mix well rotted manure half and half with the best of the soil, or earth dug out of the trench, and fill the trench with it; then replace the turf, and wheel away the refuse or extra earth; rake it clean and smooth; you will have a good growth of tree; your fruit large and more fair, and no unsightly or unnatural hillock or mound around the body of the tree.

[Massachusetts Telegraph.]

GATHERING THE POTATO. Our experience and observation with regard to the digging and preserving of the potato, would lead us to the conclusion that it is of great importance the potato should be put under cover as soon as possible after taken from the ground. Their exposure in heaps or in carts, to a hot sun, for even an hour or two, is injurious. We should therefore prefer for a covered cart or wagon, into which to deposit them at once from the rows; and we should also greatly prefer burying in dry locations in the field, protected against too much moisture, and duly ventilated, to the mode of keeping. At any rate, if put in barn-cells, for cellars under the mansion, they should be well covered with old carpets, &c., and the cellars kept dark. We have long been under the belief that there is a great deal to be learned in the art of keeping the Irish potato full and plump until July.

[German Town Telegraph.]

RUSTY OAT STRAW. Rusty oat straw proves bad food for horses. Several have died from eating it.

EARLY FALL PLOWING.

Fall plowing is frequently recommended in various agricultural journals, because it is said to loosen the soil and render it more susceptible to the beneficial influence of atmospheric action. So far, well. But as such suggestions appear to us practical farmers somewhat too generous and a little vague, I will ask your co-operation in attempting to show wherefore fall plowing, especially early, is of very great practical value, and a necessary part of good husbandry. The advantages of plowing are not directly derivable, any more than those of planting or seeding; but its results are to be looked for from a series of complicated natural processes, many of which are, however, sufficiently understood to enable even ordinary observers to estimate their importance when their attention is drawn to the general subject.

We may first notice a few of the more obvious facts. On soils that have borne wheat, oats, barley, and other grain crops the current season, for instance, there is left a large amount of stubble, weeds and waste material. Now if these are left till late in the fall before being plowed under, they cannot possibly be rotted or reduced to their atmospheric and mineral elementary state in time for the early crops of the succeeding Spring, because the conditions necessary to their decay or decomposition, will not again come around till the warmth of spring has set in, and the crops to be nourished and fed will have made considerable growth. This must be so, because late in the fall and early in the spring, one or another of the three necessary conditions of fermentation and rotting, heat, air and moisture—will be wanting, or present in only very feeble force. Early in the spring, for instance, the ground being saturated with the late fall rains, frozen and retained therein, or the melting snow of winter, will have too low a temperature at the depth of six to ten inches to admit of active fermentation and decay, because the excess of water neutralizes what would otherwise be a sufficiency of heat. Moreover, the texture of the soil will have become much more close, compact, and the air will therefore have much less access than when it was more loose and mouldy. If ground be not plowed till late in the fall, then the heat will be so slow as to be quite insufficient to promote active rotting or disintegration in readiness for the early use of Spring crops. In this case, the only benefit of the stubble and other matters turned under, to the next crop, in its early and most necessities stage of growth, will be merely mechanical, in very slightly holding up the soil and keeping it somewhat loose at the depth it was plowed.

But now observe that if the same ground be plowed in late summer or early fall, we have the following results. The matters plowed in are forthwith subject to the process of decay, even if the soil be dry, because the sap of weeds supplies the necessary moisture to them; and stubble has already undergone partial disintegration before being turned under, so that it will progress in rotting with but little hindrance. Hence such matters plowed in from the middle of August to the first of October are generally prepared for and used as food by the succeeding spring crop; but if the ground be plowed later such matters will rarely, if at all, benefit the succeeding crop in the character of manure or nutriment. Thus, while late fall plowing gives no immediate advantage from the material plowed under—some times equal to half an ordinary manuring—turning it under early rots and prepares the mass of it so that we get it returned to us if we choose in the extra product of the soil the succeeding season.

If either of the three former conditions of decay be absent or insufficient, we cannot secure nor expect such beneficial results; and one will usually be wanting at a later part of the fall. Later in the fall the simultaneous results of atmospheric action are also either entirely precluded or much retarded. That is, as matters from the air combine with those of manures as fast as the latter is rotted and the elements liberated in the soil, and in this way produce new combinations with new properties, (which process is the cause of the benefits derived from composting dissimilar substances,) so when plowing is too late for rotting or fermenting to ensue, the matters which might have been decomposed, do not furnish their quota for combination with atmospheric gases, &c. This is a subtle, but certain means of increasing the produce of the soil to support large spring crops, prevented by being "a little too late" in turning the soil. If plowed while the weather is yet warm, the moisture in the soil—whether more or less—is expanded to many times the bulk it subsequently fills when the temperature is cool or cold; and thus does the moisture in the soil itself, when early plowed, serve to hold it up and keep it loose, so that the air can freely circulate, thus affording the requisite facilities for reciprocal action and combination among the several elements of earth and air respectively, according to their proportions and fitness.

As these processes cannot take place except when there is sufficient heat to promote fermentation or rotting, it is certain that late, as compared with early fall plowing, has nothing to recommend it; while the latter, for reasons already stated enriches the soil to a very perceptible and profitable extent.

In illustration of the foregoing, we noted the following facts in a good crop, for this season, of oats, which we have just harvested: About three fourths of the piece was plowed early in September. Sugar or syrup making intervening, two lands were not plowed till late in October. A land of twelve acres in width, and a few rounds or bouts of another land, were left unplowed till Spring. The soil being new, the whole of the oats were a fair crop; but there was a decided and unmistakable difference in the time of ripening. The oats ripened in succession according to the time of plowing. Thus the first, plowed early in the Fall, they were ripe and ready to harvest (and were harvested) three days before those on the land plowed late in October; and those on the land and a fraction of Spring plowed ground, were a day, if not two, later than the Fall plowing. Having but a few acres, the late lands were left till fit, presenting the contrast of oats harvested and others not ripe; on a soil of the same quality, sowed the same day, and alike in all conditions except time of plowing. The conclusion drawn from this experience, is, that early Fall plowing ensures an early and sufficient preparation of nutriment for the crop first ripened; while those sown on the late plowed soil had to wait for nutriment sufficient for their full growth—till it was prepared by the heat of Spring acting on the soil, and thus gradually reducing it to nutrition for the crop. Upon reflection it will be obvious that any soil usually plowed late in the Fall or in early Spring will be worn out or exhausted long before those of like quality that are turned early or before the heat is too low for refuse turned under to rot, &c., because, whilst late plowing lets all stubble, weeds, &c., go to waste, besides precluding the necessary facilities for atmospheric action and combustion, plowing late in Summer and early in the Fall ensures the use of such stubble, weeds, &c., left by every preceding crop, for manuring or nutrition and support of the next, and so on, without much loss of manurial material. [American Agriculturist.]

THE FARMER.
At the Middlesex Agricultural Cattle Show, Mr. Everett made, as he always makes, an excellent address, from which we take some extracts. Inviting his hearers to "look at the farmer, his strength and weakness, his share in the great future which opens before the country," he went on to say:—
"His glory is to create, and construct. Other men may fetch and carry and exchange; all rest at least on his primitive action. He is close to nature. The food which was not, he makes to be. All nobility rests on the use of land. Tillage is the original calling of the race; many men are excused from it, yet if they have not something to give the farmer for his corn, they must return to their planting. The farmer stands nearest to God, the first cause."

The tranquility, the independence, the pleasing arts of life are the farmer's; all of us keep the farm as an asylum to hide our solitude, if we do not succeed in society. How many remorseful glances are cast here from courts and mansions! When a man is poisoned by town life, every meal a force pump to exhaust his remaining strength, he goes back to what should have been his nursery and shall be his hospital. It is not necessary to use compliments. The farmer is good because he represents necessity; we respect the elements rather than him. The comeliness of the world makes his comeliness. He represents hard labor, year after year; is timed to nature and not city watches, and nature never hurries; so little by little he achieves her work.

He acquires the patience of nature; he is to wait for his food to grow, the earth feeds and finds him, but his entertainments must be of her system, and his spending must be a farmer's spending and not a merchant's. If he is pinched on one side, he has compensation; if he is permanent; he clings to the land as the rocks do. Most of the settlers of this town, in 1830, would find their names here now, and in other towns. His work must be done by soldiers or poets, but by deep-chested, long-winded, tough and sure men.

He has grave trusts. In the household of nature he stands at the door, and weighs to each his loaf. He is to say whether men shall marry or not,—as Burke said, men breed at the mouth. He is the hoarded capital of health; from him come the power of the cities, which are continually recruited from his class. He is the universal benefactor. He who digs a well, plants an orchard, or places a seat by the wayside, makes a fortune he cannot carry away with him, and helps society more than he who gives money in charities. If, by political economy, slaves are driven out of Missouri and Kentucky, then the true abolitionist is the farmer of Massachusetts, who makes a product with which no forced labor can contend.

For the Farmer there is no porter like gravitation. If he wants aid, water sets its shoulder to mills and ships, and transports great boulders a thousand miles. Water is a daily miracle. It is as explosive as gunpowder. Yet while he has all these tools, he is not yet quite competent.

The tools are sometimes too sharp for him. Education is not up to the mark. He hates machinery he uses it; he uses a club till he sees a gun; he walks till he finds he can go across the continent in a few days; and now that the cable is laid the old fogey will not send a man to swim across the Atlantic with a letter in his mouth."

WARM BARN. Cold and open weather boarded barns can easily be made warm by boarding them up on the inside and filling up space between the outside and inside weather boarding with straw or coarse refuse hay. And this can be done at a very trifling expense by such as cannot afford to build new barns or thoroughly repair their old ones. For a few dollars worth of boards and nails and a little work, which you can do yourself, is all that is necessary to prevent the ingress of the sharp winds and cold, frosty air. And he who neglects or begrudges this is unmerciful to his poor, shivering beasts, who would soon tell him of his want of mercy if they could.

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THURSDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 21, 1888.

EDITORIAL EXPEDITION TO THE AROOSTOOK.

Our party left Bangor, Monday morning, Oct. 4, by the Bangor, Oldtown & Milford Railroad, over which we received a "free pass," through the kindness of John W. Vasey, Esq., the principal proprietor. Reaching Oldtown, we embarked in the steamer W. N. Ray, Capt. Smith, for Mattawamkeag. Our company, numbering thirty-two, all but four of whom represented the Editorial Fraternity of Maine, were in fine spirits and prepared to enjoy the trip before them.

The scenery of the Upper Penobscot is of a peculiar nature and crowned with beauty. The banks, unlike the lower part of the river, are low, in parts covered with maple, elm, and birch, and the river is gamed with one hundred and forty islands, while the foliage was of the richest and most beautiful tints. No one who has not seen the upper Penobscot in the first week of October can realize how pleasant this sail was.

Leaving the boat at about 12 o'clock, we dined with Mr. Seavey, at Passadumkeag, who generously supplied our somewhat large bodily appetites. At 1 o'clock we returned and continued our journey. Before reaching Mattawamkeag, our party held a meeting in the saloon, and passed a vote of thanks to the Messrs. Smith, the owners of the boat, for their generosity in extending to us the free use of their boat.

We also raised a fund for the purpose of purchasing a canoe for Capt. Smith, in consideration for his kindness and attention toward us during the day. It seemed to me he did not deserve a canoe.

We spent the night at Mattawamkeag, where we were entertained at Smith & King's Hotel, in a handsome and liberal manner. The next morning at about four o'clock, we were "all aboard" the stage for Houlton.

We entered Aroostook county soon after sunrise. We passed through township No. 1, Range 3, Nos. 2, and 3; Linneus, Linneus and Letter A in Range 2, before reaching Houlton. At Houltonville, No. 3, we stopped to dine with Russell B. Campbell, who, without money and without price, bountifully entertained us. He did not seem to care for the receipt of our hearty thanks, on our way down. It is no disparagement to others to say he set the table well as after leaving Bangor. Mr. C. came from Boston about five years ago, to this farm, which is part of a very fertile ridge that extends about five miles north and south. His farm is on the top of a hill that overlooks a large region of rich and beautiful country. It contains 640 acres, nearly 200 of which are in a fine state of cultivation. Last year he cleared fifty acres, and raised, on five of them, 800 bushels of as nice potatoes as I ever saw; they were almost entirely free from rot. His fields are well drained, substantially fenced, and highly productive. We saw a thrifty looking young orchard and a flock of fine sheep. These sheep, like all I saw in the country, are in the valley of the St. John, are of the breed introduced into this country by Mr. Parley of Woodstock, said, by the farmer of that name, to be a mixture of the Leicester and South Down. They make, with the aid of Aroostook grass, very tender mutton, and yield large fleeces of wool.

We entered Houlton at about 4 o'clock, and were warmly received at Snell's Hotel, by a number of the most prominent citizens of the place. Houlton is beautifully situated on the Meduxnekeag, a stream that flows into the St. John at Woodstock, and is a pleasant village. It is laid out on a liberal scale of magnificent dimensions, having a wide street running the entire length of it. It contains some grand farms and beautiful residences. On the hill, at the eastern extremity of the village stand the barracks, now happily for the moral welfare of the people, deserted. A land of soldiers, although they may bring money, as one of the citizens told us they did, never yet benefited a place. Their life leads to vice which pollutes the community around. The barracks are now going to decay. I believe our government pays an officer one thousand dollars per annum for superintending the process. There is a Custom House at Houlton, with one officer, whose principal business, I was told, is to collect his salary. I was informed that the Maine Law was not strictly executed at H.

On Wednesday we proceeded to Presque Isle, (which being interpreted, means "almost an island") and arrived at about 4 o'clock. The whole village was astir. It was filled with visitors to the Show and Fair. I was sorry to be too late to see the "live stock" and plowing matches, but was informed that the show was very good, both in quantity and quality. The scrub racks that came off near might have been exciting if not profitable.

In the evening there was a large and spirited meeting in the school house, a commodious two-story building, which, when completed, will be a credit to the village. Several of our party spoke, giving their impressions of the country they had come to visit, not indeed to see the nakedness of the land, but to find upon its face. The speeches were brief, pithy, and hearty, and they were too highly colored, they were delivered to an audience that could make the proper allowances.

The fair, which we visited the next day, was interesting and very creditable to the county. The specimens of vegetable productions testified to the productiveness of the soil, while the articles of manufactures and needle work gave much promise for the skill and enterprise of the county in future. We saw one harness made at Houlton, which equaled anything of the kind I ever saw. The boots, also, which were exhibited by Bradford & Blake of the same place, were not second to the same style of Massachusetts manufacture. There was some fine cabinet work from a shop in Presque Isle.

I ought to mention, in this connection, a visit some of our company paid to Mr. John Allen's farm in Letter G township, which lies on the north side of the Aroostook river. It slopes south and west toward the river, although it does not reach the river on either side. It contains 640 acres of rich deep soil, about one half of which is under cultivation. Mr. A. came into it about 14 years ago, penniless, and now has the whole of it clear of debt. He has a large and well finished dwelling house, two large barns, beside a quite spacious stable for his horses, a granary, tool-house, and other necessary out-buildings, many of which are new, and all of them well arranged. His hay barn was nearly the first one I saw where any suitable provision was made for securing and covering the mow—certainly a very important arrangement for farmers. He raises about one thousand bushels of wheat the present year on fifty acres, and some of it well filled out. He has two yokes of oxen, several horses, and twelve or fourteen cows, and what is too rarely seen in this region, he has pleasant surroundings to his home.

We were glad to observe in connection with his piggy, that he was planning to make his swine workers as well as eaters, thus converting their pen into a mine for enriching his fields. He cuts about one hundred tons of hay.

The neatness and thrift that were manifested wherever we looked, showed Mr. A. to be a model farmer, while the cleanliness and order of the house, and the well filled table that was generously set before us, revealed equally clear, that Mr. A. understood quite as well her part of the labor. Mr. A. is a patron of the "Farmer."

There is another large and valuable farm on the opposite side of the river, now carried on very successfully by Mr. Church, known as the Towle & Parsons farm. A part of it is rich intervals, and as beautiful as rich. Its level, broad fields, dotted with outcropping elms, and bordered by the curving river, presented a charming picture. Some of the party visited it. Some of the best land of the country is in the Aroostook valley.

One word now about Presque Isle. It is a flourishing village, numbering five or six hundred inhabitants. There are several very neat and pretty buildings now being built. People are moving into it, and several mechanics are already doing a good business there. I see but one objection to its location, and that is, the west bank of the stream on which it is situated, and from which it receives its name is low and wet. Around some of the houses I saw standing water; a good thing, thought I, to breed fever. It was my good fortune, while in the village, in company with three others, to receive the hospitality of Mr. Gilman, formerly in the "Farmer" Office, the publisher of the "Pioneer," and his wife. Their kindness and cordiality will not soon be forgotten.

On Thursday morning the fraternity held a meeting, and unanimously passed the following resolutions:

Resolved, That we have experienced great pleasure in viewing the region of the Aroostook, so far as we have already had the opportunity of seeing it on our journey to this place, and that it has been with great gratification that we have witnessed its great natural beauties and agricultural resources, and behold the enterprise and thrift of its pioneers and settlers.

Resolved, That the people of the State may well regard with pride this richest portion of her domain, so vast in extent, and so favored of heaven, in climate and soil, for the growth of hardy and intelligent men, and for rewarding their industry and labor.

Resolved, That we hail with satisfaction the fact, that not only has the tide of emigration from Maine sensibly decreased, but that many who have been seduced to other states presenting themselves to the emigrant, are now returning. It is some of whom are now happy dwellers in the Aroostook valley, where they have been joined by emigrants from abroad, whose migratory experience has resulted in the permanent and permanent conviction of the superiority of their latter choice.

Resolved, That we commend the attention of the young men of Maine to the fertile soil of this magnificent region, which presents an opening for development in its own, and as favorable field for the exercise of their energies and industry, and for contributing to make their native State still worthier of their attachment and love.

Resolved, That the thanks of all good citizens, who have at heart the honor and prosperity of their State, are due to the hardy pioneers whose industry and virtues have drawn public attention to the country by the fruit of their labors; and that the State, in its corporate capacity, has acted with a prudent regard to its best interests in extending encouragement to its settlement.

Resolved, That we tender our heartfelt thanks to the people of this section of the State, for the generous and hospitable attention which they have welcomed us among them, and that among the pleasing reminiscences of our visit none will be more lasting than the recollection of a permanent and permanent conviction of the superiority of their latter choice.

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Professor Parker Cleveland, of Bowdoin College, died very suddenly on Friday morning last, at the age of 79 years. Prof. C. was connected with the College since 1805, when he was appointed Professor of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. In 1823, it was thought expedient to separate these departments, and Professor C. was appointed to the new Professorship of Chemistry, Mineralogy and Natural Philosophy, and Mr. Smith was raised to the department of Mathematics. This position Prof. C. occupied to the time of his death, making, in all, a service of fifty-three years, extending back to within one year of the establishment of the College. The Brunswick Telegraph says:—

"Prof. Cleveland had not attended recitation for several days, and for some time, his recitation hour has been 9 A. M. instead of 8 A. M., as formerly, the change being made on account of his health.

This morning the Prof. rose at his usual hour, breakfasted as he usually did, and soon after retired to a private room to use his cabinet. His son Nathan just unlocked the door of the room and asked his father if he wanted anything. The old gentleman replied that he felt quite comfortable, full as well as he had done for some days.

Nathan left—was absent a moment or so, and returned when he found his father speechless, and in a few seconds he breathed his last. Prof. Cleveland was 78 years of age on January 1, 1888. Great as will be the loss to the family of the deceased, (and we speak from personal knowledge when we say he was one of the kindest and most thoughtful of fathers), greater far will be the loss to the Scientific world. Professor Cleveland being regarded as one of the profoundest of the Scientific men of the present age; great will be the loss to the College, his happy manner of imparting instruction cunningly fitting him for the duties of an instructor; and great will be the loss to the village, the deceased having set an example of industry, systematic study, and devotion to the public good, worthy of all imitation.

The announcement of his death was received by all classes of persons, this morning, with a feeling of deep regret, and of warm sympathy for his family, and the loss, as it often time, was felt to be a sudden departure.

From another source we learn that Prof. C. was a native of Essex, Mass., and son of Dr. Cleveland, of Byfield. He graduated at Harvard College, in 1819, and was Tutor there for the two years previous to his appointment at Bowdoin. His wife was Martha Bush of Cambridge, Mass., by whom he had two sons and three daughters; Martha, one of the daughters, married the Hon. Peleg W. Chandler, of Boston. Prof. Cleveland died about five years ago.

Prof. Cleveland received the degree of LL. D. from Bowdoin in 1824, was elected a member of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, and was also a fellow of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh, the Mineralogical Society of Dresden and St. Petersburg, and the Geological Society of London. He was also many years Corresponding Secretary of the Maine Historical Society.

COUNTY SHOWS AND FAIRS.

We have received accounts from a number of the recent County Agricultural Shows, but can only find room for the following, this week, in addition to what we have published upon the first page.

Kennebec County Society.

The show of this Society was held on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, of last week, at Redfield Corner. The exhibition of oxen, the first day, was very good, but that of the other stock was rather small. There were but few horses, sheep or swine. We must say that this society has hardly sustained their reputation in the show of stock, although this may be accounted for from the fact that the rain prevented the people and stock from coming out.

The Fair was opened on the second day by more people and more activity than the first. There was a well arranged and tasty show of needle work, mechanical and artistic productions, all kinds of vegetables, and about the best display of fruit ever made at the fair, especially in the item of apples. Capt. J. F. Jennings is entitled to great credit for the care and pains he has taken in producing such noble specimens of nearly every kind worthy of cultivation.

The speed of horses was tested in the afternoon. The contest was quite spirited and exciting. Beal, of Winthrop, we understand, carried off the first prize, by gaining two seconds over his competitor.

The third day the attendance was large. An address was delivered by John May, Esq., of Winthrop. He briefly alluded to the formation and progress of the Society—stating that many of its first and most active members, the Haineses of Vaughn, the Pierces, and the Woods, have ripened for the harvest, and been gathered to the great store house beyond these earthly fields, whilst a few remained, here and there, standing like an oasis in the desert, to participate in the festivities of the day. He spoke of the importance of agriculture, and the necessity of farmers keeping their sons and daughters at home, and paying more regard to system in their vocation,—of the progress of the arts and improvement in husbandry,—contrasted the farmer with the professional man, and labored to impress on his audience the idea that there was no need of any one leaving his own county, for we had land enough without going to Aroostook or the West, to sustain four times the population that we now have.

The afternoon was spent mostly in hearing reports of committees, ladies' questionaire parties, amusements, horse and foot races. The exhibition was a good one, though not quite up to former years.

The exhibition of dairy products was very good, for which, and for the display in the hall, much credit is due to the ladies.

South Kennebec Society.

This Society held their Show on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday, of last week. The rural says that the show of stock was large, and excellent in quality. Durhams, Dorges, Natives, Jerseys, and the various grades, were well represented. Mr. W. S. Grant, of Farmington, had a fine show of stock.

The show of sheep was larger than usual, and marks of improvement were visible. Wm. S. Grant, Daniel Lancaster, and J. M. Carpenter, were the principal exhibitors.

There were many good specimens of swine on the ground. The sow and litter of pigs weighing fifty pounds at the age of six weeks, attracted much attention.

In the Halls, the show, as a whole, did not come up to former years. There was a very good display of dairy products, vegetables and fruits, but the manufactured articles and the fancy work were lacking in quantity.

The ladies' riding came off on Friday. We understand that Mrs. D'Arthey, of this city, received the first premium. A trotting match, and other amusements, closed the Show and Fair of 1888.

West Oxford Cattle Show. The Show and Fair of the West Oxford Society will be held at Fryburg, on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, of the present week. The address will be delivered on the second day by Rev. S. Souther, of Worcester, Mass.

Y. M. C. A. The fifth lecture before the Augusta Young Men's Christian Association will be delivered on Sunday evening next, at the Free Will Baptist Church, by the Rev. H. Dexter, of this city.

THE ELECTIONS.

On Tuesday last week, elections were held in Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Minnesota, and New Mexico.

In Pennsylvania, the Republicans and opposition have made great gains over the Democrats. The Congressional delegation stands 22 opposition, 3 Democrats.

Ohio has elected to Congress 15 opposition, and 5 Democrats, with one district uncertain. The Congressional delegation from Indiana is classed as 8 opposition, 3 Democrats. A small opposition majority is elected to the Legislature.

Iowa makes no change in her delegation to Congress. They stand, politically, the same as in the last Congress.

From Minnesota little has been received. Three counties are reported to have been carried by the Republicans, one is divided, and one is carried by the Democrats.

In New Mexico, so far as heard from, the Democrats are successful.

The general result of the vote for State officers, in the above States, agrees with the Congressional vote.

The Boston Journal of Monday says:—

Elections have now taken place for members of the next House of Representatives in eleven States. Of these the following will show no political change in their delegations, viz: Vermont, Florida, Arkansas, South Carolina, California, Maine and New Hampshire, where the opposition delegates to exhibit changes in transferring their delegations from the present to the next Congress are the following:

State	Opposition	Democrats
Minnesota	6	7
Indiana	8	8
Ohio	9	6
Pennsylvania	15	3
Total	38	28

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH. The cable still refuses to work. Particulars may be found in the foreign news. The latest which we have concerning it, is the following dispatch from Mr. De Sauty to Mr. Field, dated at Trinity Day, Oct. 18th:—

"I regret to say that the preconcerted signals arranged by Mr. Thompson have failed to elicit any improvement in the reception of signals here. I do not know if any improvement has taken place at Valencia. I am repeating the same system on Wednesday next."

THE CENTRE TURKISH PAPER MONEY. The particulars of the great counterfeiting of Turkish paper money, are stated to be that last spring, a woman calling herself Mrs. Sevet, about forty years of age, elegantly dressed, possessing a good education, and of very lady-like manners, arrived at New York from Europe, and went to the office of the Turkish Consul, Mr. Harrison, to print her a large number of labels. These labels were about the size of the printed paper that comes on a pack of Chinese fire-crackers, and are partly covered with peculiar characters, Mr. Harrison thought them to be a label for some Chinese invention, and did not for one moment hesitate to accept the job. He accordingly agreed to have the labels manufactured at the earliest moment. An arrangement was then made that Mr. Harrison should print 600,000 copies at one dollar a thousand, and that they should be done within a certain given time. The work was accordingly finished in all respects, with the exception of about one quarter of the bills, which, together with the plates, were left in Mr. Harrison's care until they should be called for by Mrs. Sevet. The bills, which were of the value of one hundred Turkish liras, had been lying in the printing room ever since, some of them being occasionally used by the hands in the office for waste paper, and the plates were used for other purposes. The printing office, Mr. H. having received his pay, thought no more of the matter until a squad of the police, on complaint of the Turkish Consul, arrested him on Thursday.

In the meantime the woman proceeded with three trunks, with false bottoms, below which the counterfeit paper was packed, to Liverpool, and from Liverpool by the steam packet to Syria and Constantinople. At Syria, the custom house officers on opening the trunks detected the false bottoms and the paper money. The woman was arrested and a large amount of the bills found in her possession, and she was obliged to confess how and where she obtained the money. It is stated that about \$40,000 of the bills have got into circulation at Constantinople, probably through the hands of the woman.

The amount of the counterfeit paper money taken by the woman in her trunks and on her person is Syria, amounted to \$48,000.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE FIRE. The ruins of the Crystal Palace were thrown open to exhibition on Monday. A vestige of wood, except that reduced to cinders, is to be seen, and probably nothing will be recovered except the iron safes, the steam boiler, and portions of machinery. The whole of the structure is entirely destroyed, and the ruins are everywhere mixed up and permeated with melted glass of every conceivable form. The times in its account of the inspection of the ruins relate the following:

"A moment of a sensation was produced yesterday by the appearance among the ruins of a beautiful young lady, who had come to take a look at the ground, and who, in the midst of the catastrophe. This young lady, whose name is Miss Sarah Stevens, and who is from Manchester, had charge of Aiken's knitting machine at the late fair, and distinguished herself during the conflagration, by carrying out of the Palace, and saving by her own exertions three of these machines, one of which weighs over 200 pounds. She went back into the Palace three times after the machine, and on the last time came near losing her life by her fidelity to her trust, for she barely escaped from the building before the dome fell in."

A GALWAY STEAMER CUT ADRIATIC. The iron screw steamer City of Galway, while lying at one of the piers in North River, N. Y., and made fast by hawsers only, was cut adrift about midnight on Sunday, by some unprincipled scoundrels. The people on board the steamer were all asleep, and no quietly was the affair done that it was not known on board until the ship had drifted several hundred yards, and came in contact with a brig, in which her bows, as well as the boats of the brig, were stove to pieces. She also came in contact with other vessels, doing more or less damage, and was finally brought to a stand by casting from her bow and stern anchors. The amount of damage done will reach several hundred dollars, and is said to be covered by insurance.

New York, Oct. 11. Jacob Elbert was arrested to-day under the extradition treaty, as a fugitive from justice in Bavaria, where he is charged with having committed several robberies.

Commodore Shubrick is expected here to-morrow, and the frigate Sabine will probably sail on Wednesday. Judge Bowlin, Commissioner to Paraguay, goes out in her.

A new line of steamers is to be started between this city and Havana. Plans have arrived here for the construction of two ships, the stock for which has been subscribed.

New York, Oct. 12. The extensive stables in Clarkson, N. Y., last Wednesday night, seven men, were burned last night, with the loss of a large number of horses, and a large building used as a cooperage, and a feed store. Incendiary; loss unknown, but heavy.

New York, Oct. 13. The pictures and statuary in the Governor's room, belonging to the city, were sold to-day by the Sheriff to satisfy Mr. Lowber's claim. They were knocked off for \$50,000 to the Mayor's Clerk in behalf of the city.

New York, Oct. 14. British frigate Valorous, from Plymouth, England, via Fayal, arrived this afternoon, with forty-two of the passengers of the burnt steamer Antares.

The forty-two passengers brought to this city in the Valorous were taken to Fayal by the French barque Maurice. Their names have all been given.

Three of the passengers, F. Messmer and Dr. E. B. Bidwell of New York, and C. C. Baker of Westphalia, were left in the Antares, and badly bruised. The officers and crew saved had gone to Hamburg. The Valorous comes here to take Sir Wm. Gore Ouseley to Nicaragua.

ACCIDENT. Capt. Anson Tarbox, of Phillips, while attending the Cattle Show in this town on Wednesday last week, was thrown from his carriage and had his leg badly broken. The holdback-iron, by some means, became unfastened, letting the carriage run against the horse, which so frightened him that he became entirely unmanageable. (Farmington Patriot.)

TOWN CATTLE SHOW IN BELGRADE.

The Farmers of Belgrade will hold a town show at the Town House, in said town, on Wednesday, Oct. 27th, at 9 o'clock, A. M.

At a meeting held on Saturday, the 16th inst., the following persons were chosen to superintend the show:—

President—Amos Rollins.

Vice Presidents—George Smith, Ishabod Smith. The following Committee were also chosen:—

On Drought—Owen—Reuben H. Yeaton, John Tibbette, 2d, William F. Eldred.

On Oases—Levi Guphill, Charles B. Crowell, Lemuel Yeaton.

On four years old Oases—James H. Mosher, John P. Wellman, David L. Page.

On three years old Steers—Stephen Richardson, John Damm, Jr., and J. C. Towell.

On one year old Steers—Samuel Kimball, Warren P. Cummings, Noah Damm.

On Horses—Thomas Eldred, Avery Ellis, Zimri Yeaton.

New PATENTS. Among the new patents issued from the U. S. Patent Office, for the week ending the 12th inst., we find the following, granted to residents of Maine:—

Barilla Harrington and Nelson Russell of China, Me., for improvement in tanning.

E. G. Ryan of Boston, Mass., and B. E. Parkhurst of Brunswick, Me., assignors to Ezekiel Ryan of Charleston, Mass., and S. A. Carlton and E. G. Ryan of Boston, for improved rack for holding comb match cards.

INSTALLATION. We understand that the Rev. Bro. Tappan, Jr., formerly of the Winthrop Church, Charleston, Mass., has accepted a call from the First Congregational Church, of Norridgewood, to become their pastor, and that his installation will take place on Wednesday, the 27th inst., at 2 o'clock P. M.

TRINITY CHURCH, SACO. Rev. Daniel C. Ingraham, of this city, has assumed the pastoral charge of Trinity Church, Saco, Episcopal.—Regular services will be held, hereafter.

NEW YORK ITEMS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 15. Lieut. Jones of the Navy has arrived here, bringing dispatches from Minister Forsyth, who will leave Vera Cruz on the 18th inst., for the United States in the steamer of war Plymouth. The dispatches from the commander of which, it is said, was detected in going secret aid to the Church party.

Arriving at the Spanish fleet was detected. Lieut. Jones has been appointed ordnance officer of the Paraguay expedition.

Lieut. Jones has placed in possession of the State Department a letter from the U. S. Consul at San Luis Potosi, who describes the state of the country as miserable in all respects, and a recent battle between Vidauri and Miramon, rested on a very slender basis. A skirmish may have taken place outside the walls of San Luis Potosi, but nothing more of consequence, as any probability that Miramon had committed suicide.

It is said that Gen. Jerez, fearing dismissal, has asked indulgence till called to the front with Nicaragua, respecting the pending treaty. Senor Yrisarri left Washington yesterday, and Joseph L. White this morning, for New York. The balance in Treasury is \$9,270,025. The receipts for the week amount to \$1,855,000, being \$206,000 more than the preceding week. The amount of

The Muse.

From "The Courtship of Miles Standish."
THE SAILING OF THE MAY
FLOWER.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Over of the sea rose the sun, and the billows rejoiced at his coming;
Beautiful were his feet on the purple tops of the mountains;
Beautiful on the sails of the May Flower riding at anchor;
Battered and blackened and worn by all the storms of the winter.
Loosely against her masts were hanging and flapping her canvas,
Rent by so many gales, and patched by the hands of the sailors.
Suddenly from her side, as the sun rose over the ocean,
Darted a puff of smoke, and floated seaward; anon rang
Loud and clear and forest the cannon's roar, and the echoes
Heard and repeated the sound, the signal-gun of departure!

Ah! but with louder echoes replied the hearts of the people!
Meekly, in voices subdued, the chapter was read from the Bible,
Meekly the prayer was begun, but ended in fervent entreaty!
Then from their houses in haste came forth the Pilgrims of Plymouth,
Men and women and children, all hurrying down to the sea-shore,
Eager, with tearful eyes, to say farewell to the May Flower,
Homeward bound o'er the sea, and leaving them here in the desert.

Soon were heard on board the shouts and songs of the sailors
Heaving the windlass round, and hoisting the ponderous anchor,
Then the yards were braced, and all sails set to the westward,
Blowing steady and strong; and the May Flower sailed from the harbor,
Rounded the point of the Gurnet, and leaving far to the southward
Island and cape of sand, and the Field of the First Encounter.

Took the wind on her quarter, and stood for the open Atlantic,
Dorne on the end of the sea, and the swelling hearts of the Pilgrims.
Long in silence they watched the receding sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder of Plymouth said:
"Let us pray!" and they prayed, and thanked the Lord and took courage.

Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base of the rock, and above them
Dowed and whispered the wheat on the hill of death, and their kindred
Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered.
Sun-illumined and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean
Gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard;
Buried beneath it lay for ever all hope of coming.
Lo! as they turned to depart, they saw the form of an Indian.

Watching them from the hill; but while they spoke with each other,
Pointing with outstretched arms, and saying, "Look!" he had vanished.
So they returned to their homes; but Allen lingered a little,
Musing alone on the shore, and watching the wash of the billows
Round the base of the rock, and the sparkle and flash of the sunshine,
Like the spirit of God moving visibly over the waters.

The Story Teller.

GOING INTO EXILE.

A SEQUEL TO
"THE DIAMOND BRACELET."
CHAPTER I.

A little man was striding about his library with impatient steps. He wore a wadded dressing-gown, handsome once, but remarkably shabby now, and wrapped it closely round him, though the heat of the weather was intense. But Colonel Hope, large as were his efforts, never spent upon himself a superfluous farthing, especially in the way of personal adornment; and Colonel Hope would not have felt torn, as in sheepskins, for he had spent the best part of his life in India, and was of a chilly nature.

The colonel had that afternoon been made acquainted with an unpleasant transaction which had occurred in his house. The household turned it a mystery; he, a scandalous robbery and he had written forthwith to the nearest police-station, demanding that an officer might be dispatched back with the messenger, to investigate it. So there he was, waiting for their return in impatient expectation, and occasionally halting before the window, to look out on the busy London world.

The officer at length came, and was introduced. The colonel's wife, Lady Sarah, had joined him then; and they proceeded to give him the outline of the case. A valuable diamond bracelet, recently presented to Lady Sarah by her husband, had disappeared in a singular manner. Miss Seaton, the companion to Lady Sarah, had temporary charge of the jewel-box, and brought it down the previous evening, Thursday, this being Friday, to the back drawing-room, and laid several pairs of bracelets out on a table, ready for Lady Sarah, who was going to the opera, to choose which she would wear when she came up from dinner. Lady Sarah chose a pair, and put, herself, the rest back into the box, which Miss Seaton then locked, and carried to its place upstairs.

In the few minutes that the bracelet lay on the table, the most valuable one, a diamond, disappeared from it.
"I did not want this to be officially investigated; at least, not so quickly," observed Lady Sarah to the officer. "The colonel wrote for you quite against my wish."

"And so have let the thief get clear off, and put up with the loss!" cried the colonel. "Very fine, my lady."

"You see," added her ladyship, explaining to the officer, "Miss Seaton is a young lady of good family, not a common companion; a friend of mine, I may say. She is of feeble constitution, and this affair has so completely upset her, that I fear she will be laid on a sick bed."

"It won't be my fault if she is," retorted the colonel. "The loss of a diamond bracelet, worth two or three hundred guineas, is not to be hushed up. They are not to be bought every day, Lady Sarah."

The officer was taken to the room whence the bracelet disappeared. It presented nothing peculiar. It was a back drawing-room, the folding-doors between it and the front room standing open, and the back window, a large one, looking out upon some flat leads—as did all the row of houses. The officer seemed to take in the points of the double room at a glance: its door of communication, its two doors opening to the corridor outside, and its windows. He looked at the latches of the two entrance doors, and he leaned from the front windows, and he leaned from the one at the back. He next requested to see Miss

Seaton, and Lady Sarah fetched her—a delicate girl with a transparent skin, looking almost too weak to walk. She was in a visible tremor, and shook as she stood before the stranger.

He was a man of pleasant manners and speech, and he hastened to assure her. "There's nothing to be afraid of, young lady," said he, with a broad smile. "I am not an ogre; though I do believe some timid folks look upon us as such. Just please to compose yourself, and tell me as much as you can recollect of this."

"I put the bracelet out here," began Alice Seaton, laying hold of the table underneath the window, not more to indicate it than to steady herself, for she was almost incapable of standing. "The diamond bracelet, the one lost, I placed here," she added, touching the middle of the table at the back, "and the rest I laid out round, and before it."

"It was worth more than any of the others, I believe," interrupted the official.
Much more," growled the colonel.
The officer nodded to himself, and Alice resumed.
"I left the bracelets, and went and sat down at one of the front windows—"

"With the intervening doors open, I presume," "Wide open, as they are now," said Alice, "and the other two doors shut. Lady Sarah came up from dinner almost directly, and then the bracelet was not there."

"Indeed! You are quite certain of that."
"I am quite certain," interposed Lady Sarah. "I looked for that bracelet, and not seeing it, I supposed Miss Seaton had not laid it out. I put on the pair I wished to wear, and placed the others in the box, and saw Miss Seaton lock it."

"Then you did not miss the bracelet at that time?" questioned the officer.
"I did not miss it in one sense, because I did not know it had been put out," returned her ladyship. "I saw it was not there."
"But did you not miss it?" he asked of Miss Seaton.

"I only reached the table as Lady Sarah was closing the lid of the box," she answered. "Lady Frances Cheney had detained me in the front room."
"My sister," explained Lady Sarah. "She is on a visit to me, and had come with me up from dinner."
"You say you went and sat in the front room," resumed the officer to Alice, in a quicker tone than he had used previously; "will you show me where?"

Alice did not stir, she only turned her head towards the front room, and pointed to a chair a little drawn away from the window.
"In that chair," she said. "It stood as it stands now."

The officer looked baffled.
"You must have had the back room full in view from thence; both the door and the window."
"Quite so," replied Alice. "If you will sit down in it, you will perceive that it had unintercepted view, and faced the doors of both rooms."

"I perceive so from here. And you saw no one enter?"
"No one did enter. It was impossible they could do so, without my observing it. Had either of the doors been only quietly unlatched, I must have seen."

"And yet the bracelet vanished!" interposed Colonel Hope.
"They must have been confounded deep, whoever did it, but thieves are said to possess sleight of hand."

"They are clever enough for it, some of them," observed the officer.
"Rascally villains. I should like to know how they accomplished this."
"So should I," significantly returned the officer. "At present it appears to me incomprehensible."

There was a pause. The officer seemed to muse; and Alice, happening to look up, saw his eyes stealthily studying her face. It did not tend to reassure her.
"Your servants are trustworthy; they have lived with you some time," resumed the officer, not apparently attaching much importance to what the answer might be.

"Were they all escaped convicts, I don't see that it would throw light on this," retorted Colonel Hope. "If they came into the room to steal the bracelet, Miss Seaton must have seen them."
"From the time you put out the bracelets, to that of the ladies coming up from dinner, how long was it?" inquired the officer of Alice.

"I scarcely know," panted she, or what with her close looks and his close questions, she was growing less able to answer. "I did not take particular notice of the lapse of time: I was not well yesterday evening."
"Was it half an hour?"
"Yes—I dare say—nearly so."

"What's the good of standing upon ceremony?" peevishly put in Colonel Hope. "Her ladyship will be as glad as we shall be, to get back her bracelet; more glad, one would think. A clue to the thief? Who can it have been?"

The detective smiled. When men are as high in the police force as he, they have learned to give every word its due significance. "I did not say a clue to the thief, colonel: I said a clue to the mystery."

"Where's the difference?"
"Parson me, it is indisputably perceptible. That the bracelet is gone, is a palpable fact; but by whose hands it went, is as yet a mystery."

"What do you suspect?"
"I suspect," returned the officer, lowering his voice, "that Miss Seaton knows how it went." There was a silence of surprise; on Lady Sarah's part of indignation.
"Is it possible that you suspect her?" uttered Colonel Hope.

"No," said the officer, "I do not suspect her: she appears not to be a suspicious person in any way; but I believe she knows who the delinquent is, and that fear, or some other motive, keeps her silent. Is she on familiar terms with any of the servants?"
"But you cannot know what you are saying!" interrupted Lady Sarah. "Familiar with the servants! Miss Seaton is a gentleman, and has always moved in high society. Her family is little inferior to mine; and better—better than the Colonel's," concluded her ladyship, determined to speak out.

"Madam," said the officer, "you must be aware that in an investigation of this nature, we are compelled to put questions which we do not expect to be answered in the affirmative. Colonel Hope will understand what I mean, when I say that we called them 'familiar.' I did not expect to hear that Miss Seaton had been on familiar terms with your servants (though it might have been); but that question, being disposed of will lead me to another. I suspect that some one did enter the room and make free with the bracelet, and that Miss Seaton must have been cognizant of it. If a common thief, or an absolute stranger, she would have been the first to give the alarm: if not on too familiar terms with the servants, she would be as little likely to screen them. So we come to the question—who could it have been?"

"May I inquire why you suspect Miss Seaton?" coldly demanded Lady Sarah.
"Entirely from her manner; from the agitation she displays."
"Most young ladies, particularly in our class of life, would betray agitation at being brought face to face with a police officer," urged Lady Sarah.

"My lady," he returned, "we are keen, experienced men; and we should not be fit for the office we hold if we were not. We generally do find lady witnesses betray uneasiness when first exposed to our questions, but in a very short time, often in a few moments, it wears off, and they grow gradually easy. It was not so with Miss Seaton. Her agitation, excessive at first, increased visibly, and it ended as this, I did not think it the agitation of guilt, but I did think it that of conscious fear. And look at the related facts: that she laid the bracelets there, never left them, no one came in, and yet the most valuable one vanished. We have many extraordinary tales brought before us, but not quite so extraordinary as this."

The colonel nodded approbation; Lady Sarah began to feel uncomfortable.
"I should like to know whether any one called whilst you were at dinner," mused the officer.
"Can I see the man who attends to the hall door?"

"Thomas attends to that," said the colonel, ringing the bell. "There is a side door, that is only for the servants and tradespeople."
"I heard Thomas say that Sir George Darnley called whilst we were at dinner," observed Lady Sarah. "No one else. And Sir George did not go up stairs."

The detective smiled.
"If he had, my lady, it would have made the case no clearer."
"No," laughed Lady Sarah, "poor old Sir George would be puzzled what to do with a diamond bracelet."

"Will you tell me," said the officer, wheeling sharply round upon Thomas when he entered, "who it was that called her yesterday evening, whilst your master was at dinner? I do not mean Sir George Darnley; the other one."

Thomas visibly hesitated; as that was sufficient for the lynx-eyed officer. "Nobody called but Sir George, sir," he presently said.
The detective stood before the man, staring him full in the face with a look of amusement.

"Think again, my man," goth he. "Take your time. There was some one else."
The colonel fell into an explosion; reproaching the unfortunate Thomas with having called his head for five years, to turn round upon the house and its master at last, and act the part of a deceitful, cunning wretch, and let in that scoundrel—

"He is not a swindler, sir," interrupted Thomas.
"Oh! no, not a swindler," roared the colonel, "he only steals diamond bracelets."
"No more than I steal 'em, sir," again spoke Thomas. "He's not capable, sir. It was Mr. Gerard."

The colonel was struck speechless; his rage vanished, and down he sat in a chair, staring at Thomas. Lady Sarah colored with surprise.

"It was not an intentional visit. I believed he only followed the impulse of the moment. He saw me at the front window, and Thomas, it appears, was at the door, and he ran up."

"I think you might have said so, Alice," observed Lady Sarah, in a stiff tone.
"Knowing he had been forbidden the house, I did not wish to bring him under the colonel's displeasure," was all the excuse Alice could offer. "It was not my place to inform against him."

"I presume he approached sufficiently near the bracelets to touch them, had he wished?" observed the officer, who of course had now made up his mind upon the business—and upon the thief.

"Yes—," returned Alice, wishing she could have said No.
"Did you notice the bracelet there, after he was gone?"
"I cannot say I did. I followed him from the room when he left, and then I went into the front room, so that I had no opportunity of observing."

"The doubt is solved," was the mental comment of the detective officer.
The colonel, hot and hasty, sent several servants various ways in search of Gerard Hope, who he was speedily found and brought. A tall and powerful young man, very good looking.
"Take him into custody, officer," was the colonel's impetuous command.

"Hands off, Mr. Officer—if you are an officer," cried Gerard, in the first shock of the surprise, as he glanced at the gentlemanly appearance of the other, who wore plain clothes, "you shall not touch me, unless you can show legal authority. This is a shameful trick. Colonel—excuse me—but as I owe nothing to you, I do not see that you have any such power over me."

The group would have made a fine study: especially Gerard, his head thrown back in defiance, and looking angry at everybody.
"Did you hear me?" cried the colonel.
"I must do my duty," said the police-officer, approaching Gerard; and for authority—he needed not suppose I should act, if without it."

"Allow me to understand first," remarked Gerard, haughtily eluding the officer. "What is it for? What is the sum total?"
"Two hundred and fifty pounds," growled the colonel. "But if you are thinking to compromise in it that young, you will find yourself mistaken."

"Oh, no fear," retorted Gerard, "I have not two hundred and fifty pounds. Let me see: it must be Dobbs's. A hundred and sixty—how on earth do they slide the expenses up? I did it, sir, to oblige a friend."

"The deuce you did!" echoed the colonel, who but little understood the speech, except the last sentence. "If ever I saw such a cool villain in all my experience!"
"He was awful hard up," went on Gerard, "as bad as I am now; and I did it. I don't deny, as having done such things on my own account, but from this particular one I did not benefit a shilling."

"His cool assurance, and his words, struck them with consternation.
"Dobbs said he'd take care I should be put to no inconvenience—and this comes of it! That's the worst of my friends. He vowed to me, this very week, that he had provided for the bill."

"He thinks it is only an affair of debt," screamed Lady Frances Cheney. "Oh, Gerard! what a relief! We thought you were confessing."
"You are not arrested for debt, sir," cried the officer, "but for felony."

"For felony?" uttered Gerard Hope. "Oh, indeed! Could you not make it murder?" he added, sarcastically.
"Of with me to Marlborough street, officer," cried the exasperated colonel, "and I'll come with you and prefer the charge. He scoffs at it!"

"Yes, that I do," answered Gerard, "for whatever pitfalls I may have got into, in the way of debt and carelessness, I have not gone into crime."
"You are accused, sir," said the officer, "of stealing a diamond bracelet."

"Hey!" uttered Gerard, a flash of intelligence rising to his face, as he glanced at Alice. "I might have guessed it was the bracelet affair, if I had had my recollections about me."
"Oh, ho," triumphed the colonel, in smug jocularious, so you expected it was the bracelet, did you? We shall have it all out presently."

"I heard of the bracelet's disappearance," said Mr. Hope. "I met Miss Seaton when she was out this morning, and she told me it was gone."

"The sentimental apes these women make of themselves!" cried he, in his polite way, when he had got him in private. "Is it not a clear case of guilt?"

"In my private opinion, it certainly is," was the reply: "though he carries it off with a high hand. I suppose, colonel, you still wish the bracelet to be searched for?"

"Search in and out, and high and low; search everywhere. The rascal! to dare even to enter my house in secret!"

"May I inquire if the previous breach, with your nephew, had to do with my affairs?"
"No," said the colonel, turning more crusty at the thoughts called up. "I fixed upon a wife for him, and he wouldn't have her; so I turned him out of doors and stopped his allowance."

"Oh," was the only comment of the police officer.

It was in the following week, and Saturday night. Thomas, without his hat, was standing at Colonel Hope's door, chatting to an acquaintance, when he perceived Gerard coming tearing up the street. Thomas's friend backed against the rails and the spikes, and Thomas himself stood with the door in his hand, ready to touch his hair to Mr. Gerard, as he passed.

Gerard, however, Gerard cleared the steps of passing, however, Gerard cleared the steps at a bound, pulled Thomas with himself inside, shut the door, and double-locked it.

Thomas was surprised in all ways. Not only at Mr. Hope's coming in at all, for the colonel had again harshly forbidden the house to him and the servants to admit him, but at the suddenness and strangeness of the action.

"Cleverly done," goth Gerard, when he could get his breath. "I saw a shark after me, Thomas, and had to make a bolt for it. Your having been at the door saved me."

Thomas turned pale.
"Mr. Gerard, you have locked it, and I'll put up the chain, if you order me, but I'm afraid its going along the law to keep out them detectives by force of arms."

"What's the man's head running on now?" returned Gerard. "There are no detectives after me: it was only a steady sheriff's officer. Pshaw, Thomas! there's no worse crime attaching to me than a slight suspicion of debt."

"I'm sure I trust not, sir: only master will have his own way."

"He's gone to the opera with my lady. The young ladies are up stairs alone. Miss Seaton has been ill, sir, ever since the other, and Lady Frances is staying at home with her."

"I'll go up and see them. They are at the opera, we shall be snug and safe."

"Oh, Mr. Gerard, you better go to go, you think?" the man ventured to remark. "If the colonel should come to hear of it—"

"How can he? You are not going to tell him, and I am sure they will not. Besides, there's no help for it: I can't go out again, for hours. And, Thomas, if any demon should knock and ask for me, I am gone to—to an evening party at Putney: went out, you know, by the side door."

Thomas watched him run up the stairs, and shook his head. "One can't help liking him with it all; though where could the bracelet have gone to, if he did not take it?"

The drawing-rooms were empty, and Gerard made his way to a small room that Lady Sarah called her "boudoir." There they were: Alice buried in the pillows of an invalid chair, and Lady Frances cowering about the room, apparently practising some new dancing step. She did not see him: Gerard danced up to her, and took her hand, and joined in it.

"Oh!" she cried, with a little scream of surprise, "you! Well, I have stayed at home to some purpose. But how could you think of venturing within these sacred and forbidden walls? Do you forget that the colonel threatens us with the terrors of the law, if we suffer it? You are a bold man, Gerard."

"When the cat's away, the mice can play," cried Gerard, treating them to a pas seul.
"Mr. Hope!" remonstrated Alice, lifting her feeble voice, "how can you indulge these spirits, while things are so miserable?"

"Sighing and groaning won't make them light," he answered, sitting down on a sofa near Alice. "Here's a seat for you, Fanny; come along!" he added, pulling Frances to his side. "First and foremost has anything come to light about that mysterious bracelet?"

"Not yet," sighed Alice. "But I have no rest: I am in hourly fear of it."
"Fear!" uttered Gerard, in astonishment.
Alice winced, and leaned her head upon her hand; she spoke in a low tone.

"You must understand what I mean, Mr. Hope. The affair has been productive of so much pain and annoyance to me, that I wish it could be ignored for ever."

"Though it left me under a cloud," said Gerard. "You must pardon me if I cannot agree with you. My constant hope is, that it may all come to daylight; I assure you I have specially mentioned it in my prayers."

"Pray don't, Mr. Hope!" reproved Alice.
"I'm sure I have cause to mention it, for it is sending me into rages; that and other things."

"It is the guilty only who feel the innocent," he added, pulling Frances to his side. "First and foremost has anything come to light about that mysterious bracelet?"

"Not yet," sighed Alice. "But I have no rest: I am in hourly fear of it."

"Fear!" uttered Gerard, in astonishment.
Alice winced, and leaned her head upon her hand; she spoke in a low tone.

"You must understand what I mean, Mr. Hope. The affair has been productive of so much pain and annoyance to me, that I wish it could be ignored for ever."

To the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE Petition of JOHN HODGSON, Administrator on the Estate of WILLIAM MORRISON, late of Albion, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, interposes, respectfully representing, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of eight hundred dollars—the said Administrator therefore requests that said estate be empowered, agreeably to law, to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased, as may be necessary to satisfy said debts and demands, and to make good the deficiency of said estate.

ELIZA MORRISON.
Kennebec County.—In Court of Probate, at AUGUSTA, on the fourth Monday of September, 1858.
On the petition aforesaid, Ourselves, that notice be given by publishing a copy of said petition, with this order thereon, three weeks successively prior to the fourth Monday of October next, in the Maine Farmer, a newspaper printed in Augusta, that all persons interested may attend at a Court of Probate then to be held in Augusta, and show cause, if any, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

Copy of the Petition and Order thereon.
Attest: J. BURTON, Register.

To the Judge of Probate within and for the County of Kennebec.

THE Petition of MAHALA Y. WEBBER, Administrator on the Estate of WILLIAM WEBBER, late of Vassalboro, in the County of Kennebec, deceased, interposes, respectfully representing, that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts and demands against said estate by the sum of six hundred dollars—that said deceased died intestate, and that the said Administrator therefore requests that said estate be empowered, agreeably to law, to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased, as may be necessary to satisfy said debts and demands, and to make good the deficiency of said estate.

MAHALA Y. WEBBER.
Kennebec County.—In Court of Probate, at AUGUSTA, on the fourth Monday of September, 1858.
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